the length of Prester Iohns foot: fetch you a haire off the great Chams beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than holde three words conference, with this harpy, you haue no imployment for me?

Pedro None, but to desire your good company.

Benedicke O God sir, heeres a dish I loue not, I cannot indure my Ladie Tongue. *exit.*

Pedro Come Lady, come, you haue lost the heart of signior Benedicke.

Beatrice Indeed my Lord, he lent it me awhile, and I gaue him vse for it, a double heart for his single one, mary once before he wonne it of me, with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I haue lost it.

Pedro You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

Beatrice So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prooue the mother of fooles: I haue brought Counte Claudio, whom you sent me to seeke.

Pedro Why how now Counte, wherefore are you sad?

Claudio Not sad my Lord.

Pedro How then? sicke?

Claudio Neither, my Lord.

Beatrice The Counte is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Counte, ciuil as an orange, and something of that iealous complexion.

Pedro Ifaith Lady, I think your blazon to be true, though ile be sworne, if he be so, his conceit is false: heere Claudio, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire Hero is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

Leonato Counte take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beatrice Speake Counte, tis your Qu.

Claudio Silence is the perfectest Herault of ioy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my selfe for you, and doate vpon the exchange. *Beatr.*

Beat. Speake cosin, or (
kisse, and let not him speak

Pedro Infaith lady you

Beatr. Yea my lord I th
windy side of Care, my co
her heart

Clau. And so she doth

Beat. Good Lord for
world but I, and I am sun
heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro Lady Beatrice,

Beat. I would rather h
your grace ne're a brother
husbands if a maide could

Prince Will you haue

Beatr. No my lord, vn
ing-daies, your grace is t
beseech your grace pardon
and no matter.

Prince Your silence mo
becomes you, for out a q
hower.

Beatr. No sure my lor
was a starre daunst, and v
giue you ioy.

Leonato Neece, will yo
of?

Beat I crie you mercy

Prince By my troth a pl

Leon. Theres little of t
lord, she is neuer sad, but w
for I haue heard my daugh
vnhappines, and wakt her

Pedro She cannot indu

Leonato O by no mean
sute.

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